

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl.
THE UNTRUTH.

—
BY DANIEL WISE.
—

'Really, Mr Edward, you are too particular—too fastidious by far. I think I can see the force of your objections to theatres, balls and card parties, but to a ship-launch I cannot comprehend why you should object.'

'It is not to the mere fact of seeing a beautiful ship kiss the green wave, the future element of its glory, that I object, but to the necessary association with crowds of ungodly persons who flock to such sights, and whose language will pain your ear and disgust your religious sensibilities. Now, I cannot offer up the petition, 'lead me not into temptation,' and then rush into such a scene, without being guilty of hypocrisy, sufficient to secure me the rebuke of my conscience and the anger of God.'

'But you are not obliged to listen, sir,' replied the voice of the fair controversialist, while its slight huskiness betokened a struggle between conviction and desire.

'True, I need not pay particular attention, but such is the noisy, boisterous mirth of hundreds who are there, that you are forced to hear many things painful to a christian heart; and, if my Elizabeth would be candid, she would confess that many a blush has mounted to her cheek through expressions noisily made at such vast and public gatherings.'

Elizabeth was silent. She was convinced, and dared not trust herself farther in argument. Her companion, observing her silence, proceeded by remarking,

'Am I not right, Elizabeth, and will you not consent for my sake, and for the sake of pure christianity, to forego any pleasure you might derive from the launch? I think I read your consent in that sweet smile that gathers on your lips. Say if it is not so?'

Half cheerfully, half reluctantly, the fair one promised not to attend the ship-launch on the following day; and full of elevated feeling and delight flowing from a consciousness of rectitude, Edward Nance returned home.

The preceding conversation took place in the front parlor of one of the neatest cottages that ever graced a lawn. It stood at the end of a long avenue formed of ancient and spreading elms, whose branches meeting above like brothers, embraced and formed a sylvan arch, screening the lounge beneath from the rays of the sun. The cottage itself stood a little back from the roadside: though small, it was elegant. Ivy crept up the walls, and embowered the windows, and ran along the thatched roof to the chimneys, while the honeysuckle formed an arch over the door. It was a fairy looking place, and the extensive garden around it told that its owner was not lacking in taste for the beautiful and fair in nature.

The occupants of the cottage were a

Mr Christy, his lady and daughter. The latter, with whom the reader has already formed some acquaintance, was about nineteen summers old: and was as fair and beautiful as any of the daughters of the island to which she belonged.

Edward Nance, her betrothed, was the son of a neighboring farmer; and was a young man of deep piety, of exalted talents, and of the highest worth—a lover of whom any sensible girl might well be proud.

The ship-launch alluded to, was that of the Princess Charlotte, the largest ship then in the British Navy. Her vast size, together with reminiscences connected with the memory of the beloved and unfortunate Princess after whom she was named, conspired to excite unwonted interest in the launch, and public feeling was raised to the highest pitch of excited curiosity.

With these necessary explanations we proceed with our story.

The morning succeeding the preceding conversation was the day of the launch. Elizabeth, though she had promised Mr Nance to abstain from attending it, could not resist the temptation of some neighboring ladies, who offered her a seat in their carriage as far as the gates of the dock-yard. She hoped, either to make the excursion unknown to her betrothed, or to soothe him by excuses afterwards. But while in the height of preparation, Edward entered. Perceiving she was going abroad, he inquired whither she intended to go.

‘O only to see Aunt Dorothy at Sea cottage,’ was the confused and hasty reply, accompanied with a brief apology for being in a hurry. Not doubting her sincerity, and having several business engagements in a neighboring town, Edward took his leave.

At eleven o’clock, Miss Christy was seated with her friends in their family carriage. At first, she felt sad and oppressed, but upon being rallied by her

companions, and getting into the stream of human beings that flowed through every lane and street, she lost her sadness in the all-pervading animation that surrounded her. It was indeed an animation to be caught. From early morn the town had poured out its torrents of life; with unceasing flow it rushed onward towards the scene of attraction, like the waters of some great river to its ocean home. The sidewalks were thronged with pedestrians of every class, from the little barefooted urchin of eight years to the jolly looking tradesman of fifty, yea, and onward to the wrinkled old man of eighty, who on his ‘last legs,’ tottered to ‘the launch.’ The carriage road was equally crowded: the peer and the baronet in their gilded chariots and with liveried footmen were there; the gentleman on his gay steed pranced proudly on, and the old farmer in his wide-wheeled wain, drawn by ‘old dobbin’ and accompanied by his untutored sons and cherry-cheeked daughters, hastened to the scene of gratification and pleasure. It seemed as if the whole country had emptied itself of its population to be present at the launch of the Princess Charlotte.

Gaily and cheerfully our party had proceeded towards the dock-yard. Retarded by the crowded state of the roads, it was half an hour after noon when they reached the gates of the yard. It lacked but half an hour to high water, the time of the launch, and it was nearly half a mile to where the vessel lay, yet bound to the stocks on which her proud form was reared. No time was therefore to be lost. Leaving their carriage, our party proceeded on foot.

About one half the distance between the gates of the dock-yard and the place of the launch, was a large ‘basin’ destined to receive the ship after she should be launched. To increase the bulk of water in the harbor, it was kept empty. A foot-bridge crossed the flood gates at

its mouth, and crowds were constantly pressing over the bridge, it being the nearest route to the ship. The harbor was filled with vessels of every size, whose constant motion, added to that of the swelling of a very high tide, pressed heavily against these gates. Yet no one dreamed of danger.

Elizabeth and her friends were on the bridge in eager haste to reach the ship in season. The flood gates had borne the pressure of the increasing waters for two hours. Their strength was now overtaxed. Suddenly they gave way—in rushed the mass of gathered waters, lashing the stony sides of that capacious basin; and they came not alone, for in its arm each freed wave bore a victim; the foot-bridge, borne over by the gates, had thrown its heedless travellers to the waters, and Elizabeth, with full sixty more, struggled with the lashing waves.

Just as the bridge gave way, a young man of noble bearing and athletic form, rushed wildly to the basin's edge. He paused, while the waves receding and returning spent their wildest fury, and then, amid the shrieks of pale standers by, he plunged in. He brought out the body of a senseless and dripping female. It was Elizabeth. Another and another yet he rescued, until boats and aid were plenty in searching the basin. Then he hurried, wet as he was, to the room where his betrothed was laid. She had given signs of life: she recovered and was removed home, but *fifty* never lived to tell the story of the launch of the Princess Charlotte.

'Elizabeth,' said Mrs Christy to her daughter, a few days after these events, 'are you prepared to see your deliverer? He has waited on you to congratulate you on your recovery.'

'What is his name, dear mother?' said the trembling girl.

'You shall see him,' she replied, and left the room.

A few moments and Mrs Christy returned accompanied by Edward. 'Let me introduce your deliverer, my dear,' said she as she handed him into her apartment.

Elizabeth turned pale as ashes, and shrieking 'Oh, Edward!' fell fainting on the sofa. A few restoratives recovered her. The matter of the untruth, of the broken promise, and of the rescue, were all talked over, and in conclusion, Elizabeth said to her betrothed, 'Forgive me the baseness of my conduct, and never will your Elizabeth be guilty of untruth again, or of a violation of your wishes.' Freely did Edward press upon her lip the kiss of forgiveness and of renewed confidence: for he believed she had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

A few evenings after this interview, as Edward sat in the parlor of Mr Christy, Mrs C. remarked,

'I should like to know by what means your steps were directed to the dock-yard so opportunely as to make you the deliverer of my daughter. Pray, Mr Edward, do tell us how it happened?'

'O yes, do tell us,' said Elizabeth, 'for I have wondered much how you came to be there just as you were?' and she shuddered as the thought stole over her, that but for his timely intervention she might have been in eternity.

With a benevolent smile Edward replied, 'My business pursuits that day led me to Queen street. Threading the foolish crowds, I arrived at last at the warehouse of Mr —. Pausing at the door, a gay laugh rung in my ears. It sounded like Elizabeth's. Impossible, thought I, it should be her. Turning round, I recognized her in the carriage with Mrs Jackson. Stunned in my feelings, I felt an indefinable apprehension for her safety creep over me. I determined to follow for her protection, and I did so, and you know the rest.'

Once more the family expressed their

gratitude to their deliverer; and once more Elizabeth repented of that untruth, and of that broken promise, which had so nearly cost her her own life, and had led to the exposure of the life of her betrothed in her behalf. And ever after she learned what every lady should learn, to be governed by stern and holy principle, rather than by feeling and imagination.

Good. For the Ladies' Pearl.
REMEMBRANCES.

Who does not love to steal away
From all the bustle of the day,
At twilight's mild and pensive hour,
Into some solitary bower,
And there bring back, in fancy's light,
The pleasant scenes of childhood bright.

There is a spot more dear to me
Than any other here can be;
No work of art adorns the spot,
But 'tis a lone, secluded grot,
And far removed from human ken,
Within a shady woodland glen.

A rippling rill goes murmuring there,
The birds wild, carol in the air,
The gay wild flowers in fragrance sweet,
Grow thick around my rocky seat,
And through the boughs of lofty trees
Goes whistling low the evening breeze.

Thrice happy place—I love it well;
Yea, more than language e'er can tell—
For oft when I was but a child,
I sought that spot, so lone and wild,
And there I spent the livelong day
In happy, careless, artless play.

Ah, then I had not learned to know
That with each rose a thorn must grow;
That air-built castles raised in youth,
Were struck down by the wand of Truth;
Then I was pure—I knew no pain—
Oh, could I be that child again.

And when deeply with sin oppressed,
'Twas there I sought and found my rest;
Yes, first within my lonely bower
I felt religion's heavenly power,
And there I learned to kiss the rod
In sweet communion with my God.

And later still when anguish tore
A heart which knew no grief before,
When I must leave my much loved home,
And far away 'mongst strangers roam,
Then to my grot I did repair
To pour my soul in humble prayer.

Yes, there I asked my God to bless
My feeble efforts with success;
To lead me safe unto the strand
Of virtue's fair and happy land;
And when no longer I should roam,
That he would guide me to my home.

Then shall this place e'er be forgot,
This well-beloved, this hallowed spot?
Ah, no!—though forced from it to roam,
Fond memory still calls it home:
Though blighting time may change my
frame,
May I still find my grot the same.

LA SOLITAIRE.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING
THE MIND.

—
BY LUTHER LEE.

The culture of the female mind is a subject which should not only interest the fair reader as her own cause, but it should interest all as the common cause of humanity, of our country, and of the world, upon which is suspended their weal or woe. I am perfectly aware of the difficulty of arresting the attention, of exciting the imagination, of rousing the passions of the soul, and of kindling the affections of the heart, with a subject like the one I have selected, amid the romances and the soul subduing love tales, in the perusal of which the fair reader has been accustomed to feel herself so much at home; but my subject is one which, if it does not melt the heart, and suffuse the eyes with tears in the perusal, will nevertheless tend to wake up and improve another class of mental faculties which will ripen into a richer harvest of intellectual pleasure, upon which the soul will

feast when these transient love dreams and gipsy tales shall all be forgotten.—These like the passing meteor arrest the attention with a sudden glare that flashes upon the mind with an overpowering intensity and then expires to leave the soul in deeper gloom, while true science is like the orb of day, rolling on from the breaking in of the morn to the full glories of noon, diffusing a less dazzling, yet wider spread and more enduring light. I propose to offer a few considerations designed to show that the cultivation of the female mind in real and substantial literature is of vast importance to herself, and to the common cause of humanity.

The first reason which I shall assign is the fact that female minds are as susceptible of intellectual culture as those that reside in a stronger wrought tenement of bone and sinew.

We need not discuss the oft debated question, whether as a general thing, females have as great mental power as males, because a decision of this question is not essential to the argument. Mental strength and susceptibility of improvement may be distinguished from each other, for it is not always the person that possesses the greatest amount of mental power, that soonest accomplishes a lesson, or that is even capable of receiving the highest intellectual polish. Whether woman has, as a whole, as much mental strength as man or not, a point I do not pretend to decide—it cannot be denied that she is as apt to learn, and capable of as high, if not a higher state of mental polish and refinement. There are many of the ornamental arts and sciences in which woman is even capable of excelling. In painting, the pencil in her soft hand cannot fail to give a more mild and lovely shade to the rose it forms, or the landscape over which it passes. In music, when her soft fingers gently touch the keys, each note melting into harmony with her own soul, pours a more melodi-

ous and spell-producing sound upon the ear. In poetry we have no doubt that woman is destined yet to excel and take the palm from the most distinguished bards. She may never, like Young, be able to tune her harp so as to chord with the voice of gloom, when

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound,
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps!"

She may never enjoy a visit from the muse that inspired Milton to sing of war, in which the embattled host of heaven

"Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
Light as the lightning glimps they ran, they flew;
From their foundation loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their
loads,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifted bore them in their hands:—
Till on those cursed engines' triple-row,
They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence,
Under the weight of mountains buried deep."

Yet woman may tune her harp to softer themes, and sing of the triumphs of virtue, in strains which shall be suited to a brighter period in the history of creation—her soft spirit may yet indite the songs that shall welcome the bright millennial morn.

Now the fact that God has thus endowed the female mind with faculties capable of such improvement, cannot fail to convince the candid of the importance of giving it that culture of which the Creator has rendered it susceptible.

A second reason which I shall urge on this subject, is the fact that mental culture greatly increases the amount of human enjoyment. Mental culture strengthens, expands and gives more ample scope to the intellectual faculties, and thereby increases the amount of happiness. That it is important to promote the happiness of the softer sex as it is the happiness of men will not be denied, hence, I have only to show that mental training does increase the amount of human enjoyment. It should be borne in mind that all human

beings can enjoy more than brutes, is of an intellectual character. All that portion of our pleasures which depend upon the gratification of our animal propensities is common to the brute race, for the indulgence of which they are as amply furnished as ourselves, so that, in point of animal pleasure, we have no advantage over them. Our only advantage in point of happiness, lies in our capacity to enjoy intellectual pleasures; and that here lies the source of the better portion of our delights, is obvious from the fact that our beneficent Creator has made our animal enjoyments as uncertain as the variable scenes of our earthly allotment, and as short lived as wasting immortality; while he has made our intellectual enjoyments as imperishable as the mind itself, which shall soar when the body shall sink, and in its upward course gather new intellectual joys from the contemplation of ethereal worlds, and from a survey of the high and flowery plains of heaven. If then it be so plain that those pleasures which are intellectual, constitute the more important part of human happiness, it only remains to show that mental culture increases both the capacity and the means for mental enjoyment.

What constitutes the basis of intellectual enjoyment? Is it not sound knowledge? It must be, unless it be shown that falsehood and error promote our happiness. If, then, sound knowledge be the basis of intellectual pleasure, she who has a highly cultivated mind, other circumstances being equal, is happier than she whose portion is that allotted to the untaught savage female, just in proportion as her knowledge is more certain, and the circle of her mental vision more expansive. As the mind derives, at least a part of its pleasure from knowing, it must follow that the pleasure thus derived is in proportion to the certainty of the information which the mind passes, and clearness with which it conceives the objects

of its pleasurable contemplation. Now it is too obvious to need proof, that the uncultivated mind cannot view objects with the eye of a philosopher, cannot reason with the mind of a logician, and cannot demonstrate with the rules of a mathematician, hence, doubts and uncertainty becloud the mental vision, and shade the objects of contemplation, and, of course, render the mental enjoyment proportionately dull and insipid.

Again, mental culture increases intellectual enjoyment by enlarging the sphere of mental exercise, and by increasing the objects of pleasurable contemplation.— Nothing can be more plain than that the mind cannot gather pleasure from without the circle of its knowledge, and hence, the uncultivated, the unread, can derive no pleasures out of the immediate path in which she treads, while she who has a highly cultivated mind, brings her pleasures from far, and though confined to a domestic circle, in her mind she holds converse with the inhabitants of distant lands, reaps pleasures from fertile plains and flowery lawns she never saw, surveys the oriental world, and careers in a mental revelry amid the scenes that make up the history of long departed centuries.— These considerations cannot fail to convince the considerate that mental improvement must tend to increase the amount of human happiness, and what fair reader will admit that her happiness is not of as much importance as the happiness of the other sex? The heathen, barbarous notion that the softer sex were made merely to promote the happiness of man, is unbecoming the light and refinement of this age; the doctrine now to be embraced, is that woman was made to enjoy as well as to be enjoyed.

A third reason in the use of which I shall attempt to enforce the importance of a high state of intellectual culture for the better half of human nature, is the influence which woman exerts upon the

character of man, and the destiny of our rising nation. It cannot be denied that woman does much towards moulding the character of man, and according to the culture and elevation of her mind will be the general standard of community.—Because God and nature have not fitted woman for all the work assigned to the other sex, we are not to conclude from thence that she has nothing to do, nothing but to live, live to enjoy herself, or to smile on man for his delight. She not only has a work to do, but she exerts a transforming influence upon man, her heart has its feelings and passions, her voice has its charm, her gentle touch can move the springs which stir the harder heart and stronger nerve of man, which, in their turn, move the nation and exert an influence on the destiny of the world. Woman's sphere is not so conspicuous as man's, but this gives her the greater advantage; intrenched as she is in the domestic circle secure from successful assault, from behind the sacred inclosure, she may send out the healing influence of woman's soul to relieve the distressed, to dry up the fountains of ill, and to bless the nation and the world. But who does not see that the character of that influence must depend upon the culture of the female mind, darkness cannot send out light, ignorance cannot impart wisdom, and degradation and corruption cannot exert an influence which shall elevate and refine others.

But what gives female influence an advantage over every other influence, is the circumstance that it is first brought to bear upon the mind, before either habits or principles have been imbibed to dispute its sway. Nature herself has thrown us all into the tender arms and upon the throbbing bosom of our mothers to receive our first impressions; impressions too, which are most abiding, and which will exert an influence over the mind through all the walks of after life.

Our mothers and our sisters are the first instructors of man, have the first moulding of the human mind, and if so, how important it is that their own minds should be properly cultivated. Like produces like, feeling produces feeling, and views beget kindred views, hence, as is the standard of female culture and refinement, so will be the first impressions made upon the mind of man, and such will be the direction given to him as he is sent forth into the world from woman's fostering hand. Not only so but the very relation man sustains to the softer sex, gives a sacredness to these first impressions which renders them as abiding as life. What man ever forgot that he had a mother, and who was ever so depraved as to despise a sister's tender regards?—While the mind of man receives its first impressions from the plastic hand of a mother, as she breathes the tenderness of her own soul upon his, that she may render it more susceptible of impression, it cannot be denied that the character of the impression she produces must depend upon the degree of her own mental and moral cultivation and refinement. How important it is then that every female possesses an enlightened and highly cultivated mind. Nor need any of my fair readers think that they may excuse themselves from useful, thorough, mental and moral culture, on the ground that they do not now sustain all of these important relations, for whatever their relations may be in society their own happiness and their success in promoting the happiness of others must depend upon their mental and moral culture. Not only so, but these morning dreams of youth will soon fade from the imagination, and time with his faithful hand will engrave the more substantial realities and responsibilities of life upon the soul in the events of riper years, and now is the time to prepare to meet these responsibilities before they come upon you.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.***MOURNING ORPHAN.***On seeing a beautiful little Orphan Weeping over the Grave of her Mother.*

See yonder rosebud mourn the parent stem
 Whilst the rich tear-drops wet her lovely cheek,
 More costly far than India's pearly gem;
 But yet the child of misery bespeak.

The fond remembrance of a mother's care
 Must ever, ever live within thy breast;
 The love thou mourn'st will hold its altar there,
 Though thou hast lost of earthly friends the best.

Yet weep no more, but raise thy thoughts above;
 Pour forth thy prayers, and leave this spot of grief,
 For thou mayst claim a heavenly Parent's love,
 And HE alone can give thy heart relief.

But wilt thou weep and cherish all thy foars?
 And must I leave the mourner sunk in wo?
 Farewell!—may heaven soon dry thy flowing tears,
 And calm religion leave its genuine glow.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.***THE OBJECTS OF READING.**

Every philanthropist, as he desires the universal diffusion of knowledge, must rejoice at the multiplication of books.—But when, as philanthropists, we look at the vast amount of trash which light brained, inconsiderate, or misanthropic novelists are pouring forth upon the world; and when we consider the craving desire of some for these productions in preference to the true and beneficial, our minds cannot be affected with pleasure.

The object of all reading is one or the other of these three: the acquisition of knowledge, the improvement of the understanding, or the gratification of the fancy. The mere man of business per-

haps reads mostly for the acquisition of knowledge. A gentleman or lady wishing for present pleasure and future usefulness, reads also for the purpose of improving the understanding, as well as acquiring knowledge; and in works adapted to these, frequently finds opportunity to give free range to the imagination—thus letting the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of the intellect, and the gratification of the fancy, all have their proper attention. To such a reader, works affording not the former two, yield no pleasure in the last.

It remains to notice the reader who seeks the gratification of his fancy—of whose reading this is the highest object; and it needs not to be said that novels are his favorite and chief reading. These are the works which he admires. He loves such works as cut loose the reins of his fancy, and let it rove unconfined in a world of its own make. He delights to be surrounded with beings whose existence lives only in the imagination.—To him truth is insipid—it has lost its power. Delineations of real life he admires not. Sober facts have no charms for him. He seeks something exciting—something, as he thinks, of more energy than simple truth. Mistaken man!—Such reading as he seeks unhinges the mind, disqualifies it for sober reasoning and deep thought, gives it a disrelish for every thing serious, renders it less equanimous, blunts the finer sensibilities of the soul, makes the reader irritable when his own feelings are crossed, but callous with regard to the feelings of others, and thus lessens his capability of receiving enjoyment from the plain matter of fact world, or of imparting joy to others.

Young ladies, perhaps, have more of this kind of reading laid before them than young men, but happily some have learned wisdom from the experience of others. Having observed the ill effects of such reading upon others, they abstain from it,

and give their preference to reading of a more solid character. Would that the number of such prudent selectors were many times increased.

Young ladies, when you take a book into your hands, what is your object?—Do you read merely to gratify your fancy?—Be careful, lest, continuing in this course, it prove a snare to you, and in the end “vanity and vexation of spirit”—for be assured that the character of your chosen reading will be the model of your minds. The scenes which we every day view around us do not more certainly leave their image in our recollections, than does our reading leave its true impress in our minds. Novel reading is to the mind nearly what alcoholic drinks are to the body. It attracts but to deceive, elevates but to depress, and excites but to benumb. Do you speak of any who have been benefitted by reading novels? I might in turn point you to the good resulting from alcohol. But what is it? How does it compare with the evil?—You have seen and understood. Or I might speak of one made rich by buying lottery tickets: but would it be safe for others to engage in the same enterprise with an expectation of meeting with like success? I need not answer. You yourselves know well, that for one made rich might be shown hundreds of losers. So among novel readers, there may be some few in the wide world who have been benefitted, but the number of injured is manifold greater. As, then, you value your time—as you value your moral and social feelings—as you value your intellectual powers—as you value every thing which distinguishes rational beings from brutes, abstain from novel reading, and choose in its stead such reading as is calculated to enlarge and invigorate the intellect, and store the mind with useful knowledge.

J. A.

A soft word turneth away wrath.

PICTURE OF REAL LIFE.

Woman! she wandered all this desert thro'
In search of happiness, nor found repose
Till she had reached the borders of this
waste.
Full many a flower that blossomed in her
path,
She stooped to gather, and the fruit she
pluck'd
That hung from many a tempting bough
—all but
The rose of Sharon and the tree of life.
This flung its fragrance to the gale, and
spread
Its blustering beauties; that its healing
leaves
Display'd, and fruit immortal all in vain.
She neither tasted nor admired—and found
All that she chose and trusted fair but false!
The flowers no sooner gathered than they
faded,
The fruits enchanting, dust and bitterness,
And all the world a wilderness of care.
Wearied, dispirited, and near the close
Of this eventful course, she sought the plant
That long her needless heart o'erlook'd,
and proved
Its sovereign virtues; underneath its shade,
Outstretch'd, drew from her wounded feet
the thorns,
Shed the last tear, breathed the last sigh,
and then
Being aged, fell asleep in death. E.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE DELUGE.

Imagine the horrors of that morning when the sun arose, for the last time, on a world soon to be overwhelmed in ruin and destruction. Rising, perhaps, encircled with mists, it spread a red and lowering aspect and an ominous glare above the tops of the eastern mountains. All nature was silent—not a breath was heard; not a leaf trembled to the breeze; not a zephyr fanned the air; not a voice broke the solemn stillness. It seemed as if all creation—as if the powers above and powers beneath were waiting in breathless expectation, to behold the fearful issue, and to witness the awful display of retributive justice which the Omnipotent was about to make. During this period of suspense, behold yonder group crossing the extended plain, and directing their course towards the ark. Imagine the feelings of Noah and his family at this juncture; about to

be separated from those whom for years they had known and conversed with; some of whom, perhaps, were related by blood; and between whom and the younger branches of the family strong affection might exist. No more are they to behold their faces; no more are they to mingle in their society; no more are they to blend their sympathies; no more to enjoy the endearments of friendship. Keen must have been their feelings in such a moment as this—acute their sensibilities—while looking over the face of creation and contemplating the lovely scenes around them, they reflected that in a few hours all would be one watery waste—one ocean without a shore; while friends, neighbors and acquaintance would be buried beneath the remorseless waves. Yet, with this mournful feeling would there mingle those of a more pleasing nature, and, as in the most cheerless season, when a universal gloom overspreads the face of nature, even the sun will at successive intervals dart his enlivening beams through the thick and intervening mists, and for a moment gild the dreary scene with his radiant glories; so may we fancy the bright dawns of hope would flash upon their souls, and the pleasurable feelings of gratitude thrill through their bosoms when they thought of their own security and of the happier fate in reserve for them. They now reach the ark—they enter in—and, safely lodged within its ample space, they close the door, and await the crisis. Soon the silence is broken; the wind begins to rise, and in hollow tones it rebellows through the air; the trees which before were moveless, now begin to bend in all directions; the gloom increases; the rain descends; every moment it grows more dark, and dreary, and awful; the blackness of midnight advances; the clouds pour their watery store in tremendous torrents, and fearful is the scene; the lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, the brilliant glare illumines the sky, and serves to show the dreadful scenes now taking place. No longer is heard the voice of merriment; no longer resounds the voice of revelry; but shrieks of despair

and cries of terror pierce the sky, and are only drowned by the successive peals of heaven's artillery rolling in awful accents through the air. The ill-fated inhabitants of earth fly in all directions, but only rush to destruction; the waves pursue and overwhelm them forever beneath the angry surges. They escape to the house-tops but in vain; their habitations are washed from their foundations; they fall into the watery abyss, or if they stand firm on their bases, the rising waters reach their summit, and they are lost beneath the swelling and unbounded ocean. The mountains now form the last resource. Here, at least, the wretched beings hope to find a secure retreat, but they hope in vain; the raging billows pursue, the torrents still descend, the floods increase, one after another is swept away, and a few only remain climbing to the tops of the loftiest elevations.—Behold yon assemblage: two wretched parents and a numerous family compose the whole. With incredible labor they have almost reached the summit, and their hopes brighten, and their hearts begin to exult; alas! how soon to experience a bitter reverse! how soon to share the universal doom! The un pitying waves, as if to make their last effort, sweep with impetuous fury over the ascending group, and they are washed away. Two only remain who have gained the loftiest point—a manly youth, virtuous and honorable, who, in the midst of temptation and vice had kept himself unpolluted, and had, to the best of his light and knowledge, endeavored to fulfil the end of his existence, and to obey the laws of his Maker. He had safely borne to this amazing height the wife of his bosom, young, beautiful, and like himself, virtuous and pious. Fondly had he hoped to escape, and persevering were his efforts to attain his present elevation. But still the waters rise; the billows rage at a little space beneath their feet, and one moment more must seal their fate. To the All-merciful they committed their immortal spirits; the waters overwhelmed them, and, folded in each other's arms, they sunk to rise no more.

'Twas done—the judgment was complete. On the face of the earth no living creature remained. The powers of hell looked with malignant joy on the dire destruction, and the discordant yells of triumph resounded through the dreary abodes and caverns of despair. The sons of God, who commemorated in joyful strains the birth of nature, and who had viewed with astonishment and awe the dreadful scene, seized their golden harps, which hung quivering by their side, and, sweeping the immortal strings, sung the retributive justice of the Omnipotent. Meanwhile the ark majestically floated on the surface of the swelling tide—a striking emblem of the Church of Christ, who though exposed on the ocean of human life, and tossed by the waves and billows of affliction, shall eventually weather out every difficulty; and with waving colors and triumphant port, shall enter the haven of everlasting repose, where a long and eternal calm shall succeed, and the tempest and the storm shall rage no more.

I. K. S.

ORIENTAL APOTHEGMS.

Vain is science to her who has not adored the feet of the ineffable Being, who every where exists.

She who does good, and whose heart is pure, has known the essence of virtue; foolish ceremonies are no part of it.

The truly great forgive an injury; they do good even to their enemies.

Politeness and modesty are becoming in all, but especially in those whom fortune has raised above others.

She who, mistress of trees with ripe and savory fruit, eats only of the green and hard, is a fool. Then why speak with rudeness when it is as easy to express yourself with sweetness and kind words? Affability is the ornament of power; pride only becomes the unfortunate. Who would attempt to chain the wild buffalo with a garland of flowers? She is not more wise who would pacify the brutal and the proud by reason.

A.

THE WORLD.

The world's a book writ by the eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penned;
And th' errata will appear at th' end.

B.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

Two young officers, belonging to the same regiment, aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms or a more polished address into the drawing-room.

Yet there was a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them, at least, concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference, and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful in his features, as Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the more agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the most nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, (and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for

him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher; so that he was sure to take him out of the room or out of the house and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rites of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common place lover might have done so, but Albert had 'no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? Oh! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter, Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. *Her* affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly and as ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as husband, as a brother.

The only point which Matilda differed from her father was, as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

'Let us, my dear father,' she would entreatingly say, 'be free at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement. We are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right.'

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst, like the demon of war from a thunder cloud,

upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous rose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist, but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation with respect to Matilda should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras had taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is bro't to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march; but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sun-bright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear.—The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace strains forward as with a last effort, and seems but to have enough of strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream, the shout, the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has past. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful bat-

tle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down, slowly and silently, the list of the dead and maimed.

'Can you, my dear girl,' said he, tremulously, 'bear to hear very bad news?'

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word, 'Read.'

'Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing.'

'Horrible!' exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

'And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded, too,' said the father.

Matilda made no reply; but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank, as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately as she entered the room the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

'Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance,' said he; and immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been intrusted to the hands of the officer by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously wounded, at a farm-house on the continent, and that, in fact, he had suffered a severe amputation.

'Then, in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by the miniature?' exclaimed Sir Oliver.

'O, he had lost it to a notorious sharp-

er, at a gaming-house in Brussels, on the eve of the battle; which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it, would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge.— Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him.'

'What an insult!' thought Sir Oliver.

'What an escape!' exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

'Talking of miniatures,' resumed the officer, 'a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger.'

'His name?' exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

'Is Albert; he is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert.'

'Pray, sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars,' said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

'O, I do not know them minutely,' said he, 'but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breastplate, and broke the force of a musket-ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten.'

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost; whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an in-

dignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned; and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda.—She remembered 'the broken miniature,' and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening—there was no other company—the sun was setting in glorious splendor. After dinner, Matilda retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect which the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there.—Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

'Come, Albert, the story of the miniature,' said Sir Oliver.

'What! fully, truly and unreservedly?' said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

'Of course.'

'Offence or no offence?' said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

'Whom could the tale possibly offend?' said Sir Oliver.

'That I am yet to learn. Listen.'

As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was superfluous. She seemed to have lost every other faculty but hearing. Albert, in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:

'I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not, I would not attempt to conquer; but my actions honor bade me control, and I obeyed.' The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist, a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion; and when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

'I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting-place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then.—On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand, and come the worst—better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I intrusted to God; and—shall I own it?—for a few tears to my memory, I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion.'

'She must have had a heart of ice had she refused them,' said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued: 'Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart, but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, even my flesh were penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken,

the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life itself shall desert me.'

'May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and protected a heart so noble?' said Matilda, in a low, distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud, 'Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well, my long beloved!'

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—'A father's heartfelt blessing.'

For the Ladies' Pearl.

WOMAN.

O thou! by heaven ordained to be
Arbitress of man's destiny,
From thy warm heart one tender sigh,
One glance from thine approving eye,
Can raise or bend him at thy will
To virtue's noblest flights, or worst extremes of ill!

Be angel-minded! and despise
Thy sex's little vanities;
And let not passion's lawless tide
Thy better purpose sweep aside—
For woe awaits the hour
That lends to man's annoy thy heaven-entrusted power.

Woman!—'tis thine to cleanse his heart
From every gross, unholy part;
Thine in domestic solitude
To win him to be wise and good;
His pattern, guide and friend to be,
To give him back the heaven he forfeited for thee.

B.

BLISS.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each thro' endless years—
One minute of Heaven is worth them all.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

MATILDA MORGAN.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

T. Moore.

Sad indeed are the prospects of man, if in this life alone he have hope! The sun may rise clear and brilliant, but soon it will be obscured by clouds and tempests, or sink to rest in a dark and gloomy night. Hopes may spring up like the blooming flowers of spring, but soon they wither and die. Joys may cluster around thicker than grapes on the spreading vine, but they soon are gone, and we are found with only the cup of sorrow pressed to our lips.—Pleasure may show before us her beautiful, attractive form, and ring in our ears her syren song; but as soon as a threatening cloud darkens the horizon, she flees to a secure retreat, and leaves us alone to encounter trials and disappointments. Contentment may for a moment smooth our brow with her soothing hand, but soon she leaves us, a prey to care and disquietude. Happiness may also occasionally visit our abode, and cast a smile upon us which will cause our hearts to exult and sing, but soon darting pains or anxious thoughts dissipate the delight, and she leaves us more wretched by contrast than before. A beautiful prospect of life frequently rises before us in the distance, as the mirage in the desert before the thirsty traveller; but we find the former as illusory as he does the latter. Friendship entwines its tender ties around our hearts, but frequently they are torn away by some rude hand, or sundered by death. Friends gather around as a thick, invincible phalanx, but either adversity frightens them away, or death hurries them to the tomb. Sometimes it seems as if the world was all against us, and combined to make us miserable and unhappy; and unless supported by the hope of immortality and eternal life in a better state of existence, we sicken and die.

The above reflections were called forth on visiting the lowly abode and dying bed of one whom I had known in former days, and seen moving in the gay circle, or swimming in the giddy dance. Then all was joy, hilarity and delight; and the most brilliant prospects for a long and happy life, surrounded with friends, loaded with wealth and luxuries, showed themselves in the opening vista of coming years. How sad was the contrast! Matilda Morgan was the eldest daughter of parents possessing an income not large, but still sufficient to enable them to take a stand in the first circles of the place where they resided.—They were kind-hearted, respectable people—very fond of their children; and they took all pains, and made every sacrifice for their good, or what they considered such. Matilda repaid their care with the strictest filial obedience and warmest love. No doubt her parents sincerely desired and sought her happiness, but like the greater portion of the world, they sought in a wrong manner. Instead of teaching her to expect happiness alone in doing the will of God, and walking humbly before Him, they encouraged her to seek it in the world, and to try to satisfy the immortal desires of the undying spirit with the trash of earth. Instead of teaching her to cast her vision beyond the bounds of time, far into the eternal world, they taught her to confine her pursuits and bound her desires within the narrow compass of earth. Instead of encouraging her to lean upon the arm of God in adversity and prosperity, in sickness and health, in life and in death, they taught her to trust in ‘uncertain riches’ and friends as frail as herself. Instead of warning her to lay up a treasure in the skies which would endure when the world and the sparkling heavens shall pass away, they taught her to lay up treasure on earth—a treasure from which she must soon be torn by death’s relentless hand. Although educated thus, we cannot say she was not amiable, lovely and virtuous, for she was taught to cultivate the finer feelings of the human heart—to cherish a reverence for the ordinances of religion, and a respect

for piety. Far, too, had she found her way along the flowery paths of science, which ever refine and elevate the mind. But the highest ambition of her mother was to see her, as she approached womanhood, eligibly settled under such circumstances as to secure her a home surrounded with all the luxuries and pleasures of life.

Accidentally Matilda fell in company with a young man, who had just come into possession of a very large estate by the death of a near relative. Struck with her beauty and worth, he paid his addresses to her, which of course were received, his riches being sufficient pledge of his character and moral worth. But though he soon offered her his hand in marriage, *she* hesitated in some degree about accepting it, as her knowledge of his character was far from perfect, not having had either time or opportunity to read the deep motives and secret principles of the heart.—What she knew of him, she had learned in a very short time, during which her eyes had been too much dazzled by the tinsel of wealth which he had exhibited, to be very scrutinizing. But having been taught, as before observed, to consider wealth the ‘summum bonum’ of life, which, added to the importunities of parents and some officious friends, induced her, though somewhat against her better judgment, to give her hand ere her heart was more than half won.

And here I would invite the fair reader to stop a moment and ponder and resolve never to run into either of the faults here committed. Resolve never to commit the keeping of your heart to any one, until his character is perfectly known, nor give your heart to him who does not previously possess your best affections. Suffer not your fancy or imagination to be captivated by show and wealth, and think that will render you happy amid the clouds and storms of life. Beware, too, that extravagance and prodigality are not palmed off upon you under the guise of magnanimity and generosity. As you value peace of mind, the blessings of friendship, and the refined joys of wedded life, take warning.

As you would shun the necessity of shedding burning tears over a lost and ruined husband, and perhaps of begging your own bread, take not such a rash step. And, parents, if you do not wish to see your daughter leading a miserable, wretched life, and finally sinking under the withering influence of consumption to an untimely grave; sacrifice her not on the altar of ambition and wealth.

But the wedding day is fixed; the lovely and innocent is led to the hymenial altar amid the demonstrations of joy. All seemed to participate in the pleasure of the scene, although there were sad presentiments in the minds of some which threw a momentary gloom over the countenance, as a passing cloud in a bright spring day throws a slight gloom over the lovely landscape. Rich, voluptuous strains of music floated on the bosom of the breeze, which seemed as if hushed in reverence of the solemn ceremony. The festive dance, prolonged to a late hour, closed the scene. That scene was almost the close of bright days and joyous hours to the bride.—The wedding party has dispersed: their last greetings have been exchanged with Matilda, and their parting blessings bestowed upon her. The preparations for the bride's departure for her new home have been made; she has dropped the silent farewell tear over childhood's loved scenes; a mother's parting kiss and father's blessing have been bestowed; the hands of brothers and sisters have been wrung in anguish; Curlew too has received his farewell caress, and Matilda, with a heart swimming with emotion and eyes suffused in tears, has left the paternal roof and endeared happy fireside; she has seen as the carriage bore her away, her youthful home receding in the dim distance; the majestic elm, under whose shade she has spent so many joyous youthful hours, has faded from her view, and now she is far from her early home in a land of strangers.

But I will not attempt to describe her feelings, knowing I should utterly fail, excited as they were not only by the above named circumstances, but by the gloomy

uncertainty which hung over the manner in which she might be treated by him to whom she had committed the keeping of her earthly happiness. Neither will I tax the reader's patience with a detail of the minute circumstances of the story, but will hasten on to the sequel.

She soon found that he to whom she had united her destiny was unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and recreant to the vows voluntarily taken before high heaven. He was destitute of refinement in his views and feelings, and without either magnanimity or nobleness of soul.—Instead of considering a wife as his equal, his companion and counsel, a participator in all his joys and sorrows, whose interest was his own, he looked upon her rather as a servant, a thing to gratify his passions, a mere convenient piece of household furniture. Let me rather sit in the shade of an iceberg, or a wreath of snow, than be connected with such a grovelling, sordid wretch! I leave you to judge with how much sorrow she learned that his character was far from being established on the immutable principles of virtue; that he was in the habit of visiting the tavern oftener than business need to call him; that sometimes he was found at the gaming table.—In fine, she learned in a few months, that he was an idle spendthrift, and that his property, though immense, was likely to be squandered in a few short years. Years roll on, during which Matilda lives in splendor, but not in peace. She beholds at a distance the gathering cloud of ruin which would burst upon them, and she raises her warning voice, and puts forth her feeble efforts to avert the impending calamity; but her voice is disregarded—her efforts are unavailing. Her husband's character, manners and habits grow worse and worse; while from his dissipation and frequent losses in gambling, together with his neglect of business, his property dwindles away faster than the western forest recedes before the woodman's axe, until soon after the sun had made his tenth annual circuit from the time of their marriage, he failed and became almost a bank-

rupt. Desperate, and almost frantic at beholding his property sold under the hammer, and himself reduced nearly to the condition of a beggar, he forged a note of considerable value, was detected, tried and sentenced to state prison.

Whilst this tragedy was being acted, I had been in a distant part of the country, and consequently had learned only here and there a prominent point as act after act was developed; but returning a few months after the final catastrophe, I hastened to find the one whom I had known in the sunny years of youth and prosperity, and who had been called to take such a mournfully affecting part in this scene.— I found her, as intimated in the commencement, in an humble cottage, which she had saved enough, aided by friends, from her husband's ruined property to purchase and furnish. Hither had she retired, with her two cherub children, broken-hearted. The shock was too much for her: almost every thing, except her children, on which she had placed her affections and built her hopes, having been swept away by the descending storm. Sorrow preyed upon her heart, and consumption soon spread its hectic flush over her wasted cheeks. In this condition I found her, only, since being sick and wasting away, she had turned her attention to another world, and endeavored, though at the eleventh hour, to lay up a treasure there. She had proved the vanity of all earthly things; and finally in the hour of sickness had found peace and comfort by believing in Christ, which she never knew in the palmiest days of life. But it is unnecessary to relate particulars: it will be sufficient to say, that in a few weeks she bid adieu to earth, and her happy spirit took its flight to its native heaven in the skies.

N.

THE HIGHLANDS.

BEAUTIFUL HIGHLANDS! Where the waters lave
Your cloven feet, the nodding wild flower grows;
There smiles the image of red, the marsh-rose,
In the blue mirror of the singing wave,

And there the violet makes its early grave;
There too the cowslip peeps above the snow;

But on your summit sits wild majesty,
And throws her mantle over your rock-ribbed sides.

And the proud river in her wandering tides
Makes pictures of your gorgeous drapery;
We gaze on you with wonder and with pride,

And a high place 'mid earth's sublimest things

Is set apart for you. Here shall ye still abide,

When every sun-bright land her richest tribute brings. S. C. E.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

What is so beautiful as childhood?—Where can we find such purity and frankness, such an absence of all selfishness, as in the love of children? And where does that love exist, deeper or sweeter or more like that of heaven than when between a brother and a sister?

Brother and sister! what a spell in the very words! How they bring up to our mind visions of days long past, and such, alas! as we shall never see again; when, with that dear one who is now in heaven, singing among the white-robed choir around the throne of God, we wandered over hill and dale, through fields of waving corn and meadows of the freshest grass—and all the while drinking into our souls sensations we could not then understand, but which we now know sprung from that sympathy which exists between us and every beautiful thing in nature, and which, beginning at the humblest flower, links together all inanimate and animate creation, ascending step by step from tree to breathing thing, from breathing thing to man, from man to the angels, and so through cherubim and seraphim and archangel, up to the highest intelligence who veils his face before the effulgence of the great I AM. We little knew the reason then, but we felt how sweet it was to wander thus—often from morning until night—threading the old wood, or gathering flowers on the lea, or playing merrily beneath some shady grove, or loitering perchance at noon-day beside the stream, to gaze at the silvery trout glancing far down in the cool depths, or hanging like a motionless statue close under the mossy rocky caves that skirted the banks. Oh! those were delicious hours. Arm in arm would we sit, scarce speaking a word for hours, but

with a thousand sweet though indescribable emotions at our hearts, until a dreamy quiet would creep over our souls like that which lapped the poet into Elysium. The very sighing of the wind among the trees would become lower and softer, until it died away with a tone as mellow as that of a flute at midnight. The current would sweep noiselessly at our feet, save when it whirled by some projecting rock, or babbled over a pebbly bar on the bosom of the stream. Now the whirr of a woodcock might be heard, and now the whistle of a wild pigeon broke clear and silvery on the silence.—Often the long tresses of the overhanging willows drooped down around us until they slept upon the waters, while ever and anon the noon-tide breeze would rustle the neighboring trees, and a sound would go up like the whispers of a company of angels. How often have we thought that in these low mysterious tones might exist a meaning of which we little dream, a language as full of adorations as it is of harmony. But be that as it may, is not all nature an instrument from which the fingers of God are drawing perpetual music? The roar of the surf, the whisper of the zephyr, the rustling of the forest, the gurgling of the stream, the song of the bird, the low of kine, the rain gently pattering among the forest leaves, and the thunder wheeling and rattling among the hills, are all notes in that great anthem of praise which continually goes up from earth—an anthem which is swelled by the music of satellites and worlds, aye! of a revolving universe, sweeping sphere on sphere beyond the ken of man. All creation is but one vast whole, engaged day and night in hymning Jehovah's praise.

Brother and sister! Alas! we are alone. Manhood has left us of that happy time only these emotions—first felt in the companionship of that now sainted being. But never shall we forget those days. They are linked in with our being. How many sweet emotions, how many lasting impressions, how many glimpses of the beautiful and true were drawn into our souls in that joyous time of innocence and youth. And how all seem the sweeter, the holier, and more enduring from the associations connected with them. Oh! tell us not of other's love, it cannot surpass that of a sister. What can be purer than her little caresses, what can be more heavenly than her

smile? Years have passed since the days when we thus wandered together, and the cares of the world have eaten like a canker into our heart, but the memory of that sister's kindness and the consciousness of her affection, have been a balm to our hearts in every ill. They have cheered us in sickness, and sorrow, and absence; they have been to us beacons of hope and happiness. And they will continue with us, thank God! until we too shall have done with the toils of life.—*Graham's Magazine.*

From the Lady's Book.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF SIR
WALTER SCOTT,
At Dryburgh Abbey.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Rest with the noble dead;
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Where sleep the peer, and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Along the statued aisle;
Where stain'd with rust of buried years
The old sarcophagus appears
In mould imbedded deep;
And Scotia's skies of sparkling blue
Stream the oriel windows through
Where ivied masses creep;
While touched with symmetry sublime
The moss-clad towers that mock at Time
Their mouldering legends keep.

And yet, methinks, thou should'st have
chose
Thy latest couch at fair Melrose,
Whence burst thy first most ardent song,
And swept with wildering force along
Where Tweed in silver flows.
There, the young moonbeams quivering
faint,
O'er mural tablet sculptur'd faint,
Reveal a lordly race,
And knots of roses, richly wrought,
And tracery, light as poet's thought,
The cluster'd columns grace.

There good king David's rugged mien
Fast by his faithful spouse is seen,
And 'neath the stony floor,
Lie chiefs of Douglas' haughty breast

Contented now, to take their rest,
And rule their kings no more.

—
It was a painful sight to see
Trim Abbotsford so gay,
The rose-trees climbing there so bold,
The ripening fruits, in rind of gold,
And thou, their lord, away.

I saw the lamp, with oil unspent,
O'er which thy thoughtful brow was bent,
When erst with magic skill
Unearthly beings heard thy call,
And flitting spectres throng'd the hall,
Obedient to thy will.

That fair domain was all thine own,
From stately roof, to threshold stone;
But did'st thou lavish pay,
The coin, that caused life's wheels to stop?
The heart's-blood oozing drop by drop,
Thro' the worn brain away?

I said the lamp unspent was there,
The books arranged in order fair;
Yet none of all thy kindred race
Found in those lordly halls a place:—
Thine only son, in foreign lands
Led boldly on his martial bands,
And stranger-lips, unmoved and cold,
The history of thy mansion told.

They lauded glittering brand and spear,
And costly gifts of prince and peer,
And broad claymore, with silver dight,
And hunting-horn of border-knight;
What were such gauds to me?

More dear had been one simple word
From those whose veins, thy blood had
stirred

To Scotia's accents free.

Yet one* there was, in humble cell,
A poor retainer, lone and old,
Who of thy youth remembered well
And many a treasured story told;
And pride, upon her wrinkled face

* The widow of old Mr. Purdy, who in her humble dwelling on the premises at Abbotsford, told with touching affection, stories of the early life of Sir Walter, and of his sorrowfully changed appearance, after his return from travelling on the Continent.

Blent strangely with the trickling tear,
As memory from its choicest place
Brought forth in deep recorded trace
Thy boyhood's gambols dear:—
Or pointed out with trembling hand
Where erst thy garden-seat did stand,
When thou, returned from travel vain,
Wrapped in thy plaid and pale with pain,
Did'st gaze, with vacant eye,
For stern disease had drank the fount
Of mental vision dry.

Ah! what avails, with giant power
To wrest the trophies of an hour,
One moment write with sparkling eye,
Our name on castled turrets high,
And yield, the next, a broken trust,
To earth, to ashes, and to dust.

And now, farewell, thou, who did'st sweep
Away, the damps of ages deep,
And fire, with wild, baronial strain
The harp of chivalry again.
Thou, who did'st wake, from shore to
shore,

Bleak Caledonia's mountains hoar,
Her blue lakes bosomed 'neath their shade,
Her sheep-folds dotted o'er the glade,
Her rills, with music leaping down,
The perfume of her heather brown,
Familiar as their native glen
To differing tribes of distant men,
Patriot and bard!—old Scotia's care
Shall keep thine image fresh and fair;
Embalming to remotest time,
The Shakspeare of her tuneful clime.

—
To fix Drawings in Chalk and Crayons.—The Marquis de Varennes has recently discovered a method, which is equally simple and ingenious, of giving to drawings in pencil and crayons the fixidity of painting, and without injury. He succeeded in obtaining this result by varnishing them on the back, that is, by spreading over the back of the paper an alcoholic solution of white gum-lac. This solution quickly penetrates the paper, and enters even into the marks of the crayon on the other side. The alcohol quickly evaporates, so that in an instant all the light dust from the crayons and chalk, which resembles that on the wings of a butterfly, adheres so firmly to the paper

that the drawing may be rubbed and carried about without the least particle being effaced. Such is the process invented by M. Varennes; the following are the accurate proportions of the solution: Ten grammes of common gum-lac are dissolved in a hundred and twenty grammes of alcohol; the liquid is afterwards bleached with animal charcoal. For the same purpose may be used even the ready-made paint that can be purchased at the color shops, containing a sixth of white lac, and adding two thirds of rectified spirits of wine. After it has been filtered, there is nothing further to be done than to spread a layer of either of these solutions at the back of the drawings, in order to give them the solidity required.—*Moniteur Industriel.*

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We were boys together,
And never can forget,
The school-house on the heather,
In childhood where we met:
Nor the green home to memory dear,
Its sorrows or its joys,
Which called the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime
To me it brought alloys
Ne'er dreamed of in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore,
Like leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forevermore!—
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our tho'ts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

THE SUN.

Complete, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

The following lines are from the pen of a female friend, and though not destined for the public, I have thought they might be worthy of an insertion in the Pearl.

N.

A HOME SCENE AT SUNSET.

Home has its beauties: and to me
Dear is each scene of childhood glee.
I love that elm—beneath its shade
My brothers and my sister played,
The lake, half-hid by clust'ring trees,
The flowing fragrance of the breeze,
The murmuring brook, the long green lane,
Its hills, its valleys are the same
That met my eye when years ago
(Just as the sunset's crimson glow
Shone on the hills) we youthful girls
Here pluck'd the flower. That cloud, that
curls

So proudly, grandly now on high,
The sweetly calm cerulean sky,
The radiant colors of the west
Reflected on the shadowy breast
Of yonder lake, all are the same;
All speak of God; all own His name;
O'er hill and vale soft music floats,
And gently fall the silvery notes
Upon the ear. Those strains now fill
Earth, air and sky, Listen! Be still!

STANZA.

I saw a falling leaf soon strew
The soil to which it owed its birth;
I saw a bright star falling too,
But never reach the quiet earth.
Such is the lowly portion blest—
Such is ambition's foiled endeavor;
The falling leaf is soon at rest,
While stars that fall, fall on forever!

Hard to Understand.—'Well, my lad,' said a traveller, 'that is rather small corn you are hoeing.'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy, while he continued his labor, 'we planted small corn.' 'But it looks rather yellow.'

'Yes, sir, we planted the yellow kind,' returned the boy, scratching away at the hard and stony soil.

'But I do not believe you will have more than half a crop,' continued the traveller.

'No, sir, we planted upon shares,' hallooed the boy as the stranger rode on.

Franklin's Printing Press.—Mr Harild, of 11 Great Distaff-lane, Friday-street, Cheapside, has the identical printing press at which Dr Franklin worked when a journeyman printer in London.—It is mostly of wood; had a bed of stone, instead of iron, on which the types were placed. It has a copper plate fixed on it with an inscription setting forth its history; and goes on to state that, forty years after the Doctor worked at the press, he revisited London on a political mission, and went to the office where this press was, and stated to the men using it, that forty years before he had worked at the same press—and treated them with beer.

'What do you call an *impression*?' asked a young lady of a *typo*. 'This,' said he, kissing her.

'I love thee *still*,' as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

Editorial.

MAN MAY NOT BE HAPPY FROM MERELY TERRESTRIAL SOURCES.—True happiness for a human heart grows nowhere on earth. This is a fact attested to by the whole race; who are ever complaining of those vexatious interruptions that poison their joys and mar their highest enjoyments. Why this deficiency exists is an interesting question. Why of all creatures should man alone be unsatisfied? The beast grazes on the mead; basks in the warm sunbeams; snuffs in the western breezes, and is happy: the bird sips the bright waters from the brook, gobbles up the unwary worm for his meal, and, as he spreads his light wings in the air, his gay carolling bespeaks the perfection of his joy: the fish, from the tiny minnow that plays among the fissures of the rock, to the mighty whale that tumbles in the ocean, sport away their existences and know no grief: and even the insect tribe, from the sprightly ant to the slow moving sloth, are happy in their lot! Then, why not man? Why of all creation, should he still be wretched? He *wants* happiness! Heaven knows, he labors hard enough to reach it! Then, why is he wretched?

The answer is obvious. He is not mere animal! He is *man*! A being composed of two natures, the most important of which is *spiritual*. Hence, the earth, with all its productions, fails to satisfy him. He craves something higher, nobler, more congenial with his proud origin, his brilliant destiny! Something as enduring as his own immortality! But where shall he find it? On earth he cannot. He must seek it, then, in heaven, in God and his service. No where besides dwells real happiness, while *there* are unspeakable joys, exquisite delights, ennobling pleasures, lasting honors. Reader! do you desire to be happy? Seek friendship with thy Creator and obey His commandments!

WOMAN'S WIT OUTWITTED BY A KING.

Among the many pretty incidents, said to have occurred during the celebrated visit of the beautiful Queen of Sheba to the court of the renowned Solomon, the following is not the least interesting and instructive.

Desirous of testing the wisdom of the monarch so famed for his understanding, she procured a bunch of artificial flowers so finely wrought and so exquisitely finished, as almost to defy the skill of the nicest lover of flowers to distinguish them from real ones by the mere eye.

These flowers she placed before Solomon with a bunch of real ones beside them, and demanded which were artificial and which real. For a moment Solomon looked puzzled, his courtiers looked mighty grave at the idea of their master being beaten by a woman, and the Queen looked delighted at the idea of her success in puzzling the wisest man in the world.

This perplexity and this triumph were, however, momentary, for the King observing some clusters of bees about the palace window, ordered a guard to open it: the bees flew into the court, and attracted by their scent, lighted on the real flowers.—The decision was then easily made, and the Queen went home more than ever astonished at the 'wisdom of Solomon.'

This is a pretty story, but we cannot

dismiss it without insisting on its moral — It conveys a rebuke to many of my fair readers. For, less wise than the bees, they are seeking *artificial* joys, such as fashion, pleasure and pride, while the real, substantial joy offered by piety lie neglected and strown like the dry leaves of a perished rose.

A NIGHT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Indescribable and innumerable were the horrors of that fearful power that revolutionized unhappy France. The night of the 29th of August, 1792—the first night in which the decree of domiciliary visits was executed, is thus described by ‘Peltier.’ He says:

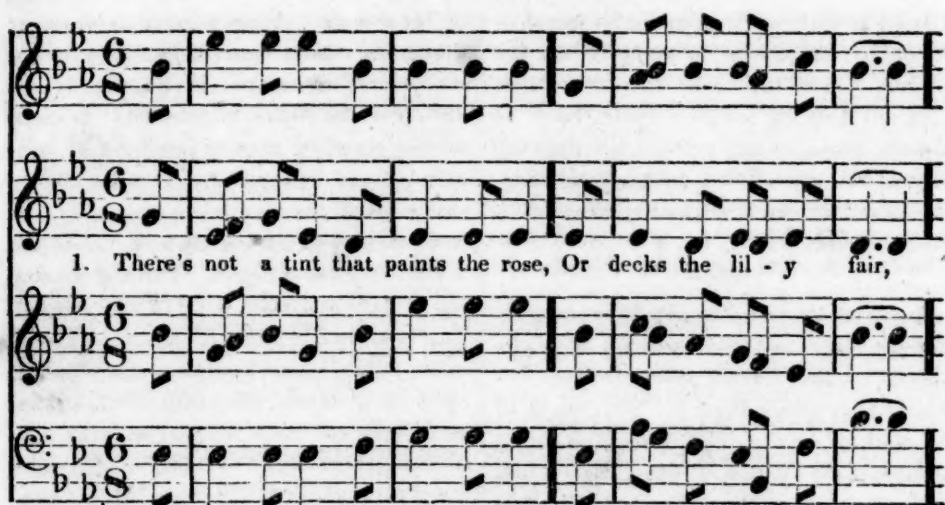
‘Let the reader fancy to himself a vast metropolis, the streets of which were a few days before alive with the concourse of carriages and with citizens constantly passing and repassing—let him fancy to himself, I say, streets so populous and so animated suddenly struck with the dead silence of the grave before sunset on a fine summer evening. All the shops are shut; every body retires to the interior of his house, trembling for life and property; all are in fearful expectation of the events of a night in which even the efforts of despair are not likely to afford the least resource to any individual. The sole object of the domiciliary visits, it is pretended, is to search for arms; yet the barriers are shut and guarded with the strictest vigilance, and boats are stationed on the river, at regular distances, filled with armed men.—Every one supposes himself to be informed against. Every where persons and property are put into concealment. Every where are heard the interrupted sounds of the muffled hammer with cautious knock completing the hiding place. Roofs, garrets, sinks, chimneys—all are just the same to fear, incapable of calculating any risk. One man, squeezed up behind the wainscot, which has been nailed back on him, seems to form a part of the wall; another is suffocated with fear and heat between two mattresses; a third rolled up in a cask, loses all sense of existence in the tension

of his sinews. Apprehension is stronger than pain. Men tremble, but they do not shed tears; the heart shivers, the eye is dull, and the breast contracted. Women on this occasion display prodigies of tenderness and intrepidity. It was by them that most of the men were concealed. It was one o'clock in the morning when the domiciliary visits began. Patrols, consisting of sixty pikemen, were in every street. The nocturnal tumult of so many armed men; the incessant knocks to make people open their doors; the crash of those that were burst off their hinges; and the continued uproar and revelling which took place throughout the night in all the public houses, formed a picture which will never be effaced from my memory.’

THE DAUGHTER.—The daughter is a mother's stay. In her, centre all the hopes and joys of a maternal heart. She surveys her with honest pride, for there she sees her second self. She paints the future with delight, for when her head is grey and her brow wrinkled, that daughter is to be her support, her consolation: when she is sick, hers is the bosom where she hopes to recline: when she dies, hers is the hand to wipe the cold death drop from her brow, and hers the tongue to soothe her passage to the abode of the dead. Woe to that daughter who disappoints those hopes by ingratitude; she will break a heart, be despised by men and cursed by the Almighty!

TEMPERANCE SERMONS.—This is a beautiful volume of two hundred and eighty-five pages, containing seventeen sermons by the clergy of the city of Lowell. These sermons contain a *mass* of facts, statistics, appeals and arguments of immense value. They cannot fail of doing good. We suggest to our young lady readers, in the city of Lowell especially, that this book will make an admirable present for their brothers and fathers in the country. A more useful and appropriate gift they could not bestow. For sale at E. A. Rice & Co.'s bookstore, Lowell, and at Saxton & Pierce's, Boston.

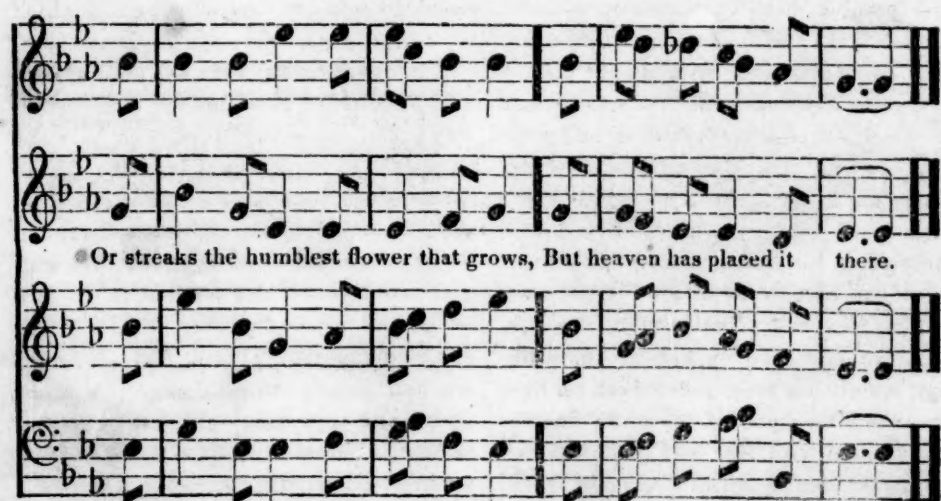
THERE'S NOT A TINT THAT PAINTS.



1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lil - y fair,



Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there;



Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there.